

# AN ELEGY

## Upon the Death of S<sup>R</sup>. WILLIAM DAVENANT.

*If those Great Heroes of the Stage, whose Wit  
Swells to a wonder here, shall think it fit,  
When Poet Lawreat's dead, that he should by  
Twelve days, or more, without an Elegie:  
I that am less, presume to undertake,  
A short Memorial for their Credits sake.*

**D**Eath in the shape of a thin Poet's come,  
To summon *Davenant* to Elyzium:  
Sent for by strict Express, for to appear  
Upon the Stage of *Tempe's* theatre. (those  
His Voice compleats the Chorus among

Who sing the Numbers they themselves compose.

Now *Davenant* is arriv'd, the Fields and Plains  
Resound unto his Welcome, Lofty Strains.  
For every Poet there it shall be free  
To raise his Joy unto an Extasie.

Imagine him encircled in a Sphere  
Of those Great Souls who once admir'd him here:  
First, *Johnson* doth demand a share in him,  
For both their Muses whip'd the Vice of time:  
Then *Shakespeare* next a Brothers part doth claim,  
Because their quick Inventions were the same.  
*Beaumont* and *Fletcher* their Petitions joyn,  
This, for clear Style, that, for his deep Design:  
*Tom Randolph* asks a Portion 'mongst the rest,  
Because they both were apt to break a Jest.  
*Sbirley* and *Maffinger* comes in for shares,  
For that his Language was refin'd as theirs:  
Laborious *Heywood*, witty *Brome*, and *Rowley*,  
The learned *Chapman*, and ingenious *Cowley*,  
Ask their proportions as they've gain'd applause,  
By well observing the Drammatick Laws:  
Last, Sir *John Sucklin* saith his Title lies,  
Because they both (were Knights, and) writ concise.

Thus the Experienc'd *Davenant* did ingross  
A Soul of Wit divided among those,  
Whose pregnant Muses have, from age to age,  
Fix'd swelling Glories on the English Stage.  
A Mirrour of the World, that it might see  
Virtues sweet looks, Vices deformity.  
And all is in one moment gone, since now  
The Lawrels snatch'd from mighty *Davenant's* brow,  
For ever wither'd must neglected ly,  
T'impale the head of Nights obscurity.

But soft——yon black Chymæra sure doth bear  
The Muse of *Davenant* through the yielding air;  
Through clouds of Melancholy she is brought,  
Clad in a weed of discomposed thought:  
A pendent brow hath hid her smiles, as if  
It were a fable Vail, and not a Grief:

Her arms (without Bracelets of mirth) across:  
And thus she doth bewail her *Davenant's* loss.

“Engins of Fancie, crack, and now let loose  
“Spirits of Ignorance, that shall reduce  
“The World to its first Chaos, that not one  
“But shall drink Lethe 'stead of Helicon.  
Down with Parnassus, and thou Great Apollo,  
Patron of Arts, I need not wish thee follow  
This wrack of Time; for when it shall be said  
With one poor moments breath that *Davenant's* dead  
Thou wilt resign that happy place, and leave  
Practise of Arts, and onely learn to grieve.  
See here Heroick Tragedie, hard fate!  
None to assume her Crown or Robe of state.  
Comedie wants a head, on which to place  
Her worthy Wreath of almost fading Bayes.

Now thou (Great Soul) art gone, who shall main-  
The Learned Issue of thy pregnant Brain? (tain  
Thy Lovers (now so different is their state)  
Are both Platonick and Unfortunate.  
Thy Cruel Brothers smooth designs shall be  
Laid open to Times greater Cruelty.  
Now Ignorance is loose, it is a wonder  
If *Madagascar* do avoid a Plunder:  
Since *Rhodes* it self will be besieged again,  
Nor can great Numbers such a foe restrain.  
How canst thou hope that any should escape,  
When on thy *Wits* it will commit a rape?

Since *Davenant's* dead, I can forget my birth,  
And in that rocky substance of the earth,  
I'll cut my passage deeper than the Seas,  
And whisper something to th' Antipodes  
Shall raise Imagination to conceit,  
There are no Gods, but *Poss Lawreat*.

### THE EPITAPH.

Here lyes a Subject of Immortal praise,  
Who did from *Phæbus* hand receive his Bayes:  
Admir'd by all, envied alone by those  
Who for his Glories made themselves his foes:  
Such were his virtues that they could command  
A General Applause from every hand:  
His *Exit* then this on Record shall have,  
A Clap did usher *Davenant* to his Grave.

F I N I S. 194.